

Jerrold sprang at once into the saddle. Before he was fairly seated the vicious Buckshot essayed to repeat his previous pary under the circumstances," Bruce

Mr. Jerrold had improved the interval to lash a small stick back of the pommel, and now, braced firmly by his viselike thighs, he drove his cruel spurs into the flanks of the horse at every bound and ruthlessly applied the heavy quirt.

"Everythin's fair in a hoss trade," he shouted, apparently enjoying the animal's gymnastics. "I swapped this critter yestiddy for a pair of leather leggins and a hoss bair lariat to boot. The hoss I got rid of, though, hed the lampers, an was dog poor at thet. The fust time the other feller attempts to put him on grain he'll find he's got a losin contract."

He clapped his spurs again into the was off like a thunderbolt.

Bruce was already far away in pursuit of the flying mallard. He had marked them down in a long water hole pordered by low bushes. As he crept up to the edge of the pool he caught a tion. glimpse of the "green head" drake, a morning's gray.

In an instant the wary bird was up quainted." and away, but Bruce stopped him with down. The next moment the air was dimpled hand, among the teal. The bright little fellow self: fairly gleamed in brown and emerald- "So he turned out to be a grasshop-

a fluttering revelation. Cynthia's appearance were he enabled to so much to do with 'kickin?" become her milliner.

"Ain't he a daisy?" said a musical

With the occasional recklessness of her ing day. sex, she had arrayed herself more with an eye to picturesque effect than common prudence. She recognized the fact that there was an observer upon the scene of action more appreciative than

Under the circumstances her defiance gered on her face. of season and climate had a touch of sublimity. She had donned a pale blue to see the truth of the comparison?" the muslin dress, exquisitely becoming, I young man inquired. grant, but a relic of the previous summer and of a much higher temperature. a long, curling feather, and she had on a pair of high heeled French slippers. They were quite wet through, and the embroidered stockings, which a charming sense of consistency in dress had impelled her to wear, were beaded and flashing with dew.

solicitude, her light skirts gathered daintly in her left hand. She frowned at the slippers, already turning purple at the toes.

"I reckon I've spoiled 'em the first time I put 'em on," she said. "However, there's lots more where they came from!" tossing her head with the general suggestion that French slippers are a gratuitous donation from obliging shoemakers to the fair sex-an attitude quite carefully preserved by womankind toward eligible bachelors, along with a becoming disregard of the necessity of capital. "Is thet green wing for me, Mr. Bruce?" she inquired, with a politeness of manner which seemed quite as unseasonable, in her own case, as her faultless attire, and in a sense to have been assumed with the gorgeous hat. She glanced eagerly at Bruce as he stood separating the bright pinion from the duck's body and flashing the gleaming plumes in the sunlight.



"I reckon I've spoiled 'em the first time I put 'em on," she said. "Oh, what a lovely little duck-a bantam!" she exclaimed, with a sudden feminine intuition of ornithology. "Isn't he

So saying he turned his back upon the cute?" Then her eye fell upon a blood discomfited horse trader, and Mr. Buck spot on the breast, and she looked suddenly grave. "Do you reckon it hurt him much to kill him?" she pleaded.

> replied, with the sportsman's indifference. Good morning, Miss Cynthia. Yes, the green wing is intended for you, but I hardly expected to see you at so early an hour. You look like Aurora, I assur

"Like a roarer!" queried Cynthia, knitting her brows in puzzled surprise. "Well, now, that is a compliment-lafore breakfast too! And I haven't said hardly a word yet. I should think I was Aulus. Did ye hear him bay when I first came out this morning?"

"No," replied Bruce. "I must have been intent on the mallard." He held up the bright plumaged bird by one leg discomfited Buckshot, and wheeling him sharply around by a jerk on the bridle Aulus felt, I think. He is not in the habit of meeting a goddess before breakfast. It disturbs the calm equipoise of his mind.

Cynthia glanced at him in embarrassment, yet not without a certain admira-

"Dear me!" she sighed, "you're so startled silhouette against the misty dre'dful high toned it most makes my bank, with neck outstretched and eye headache to see what you're drivin at. alert. His glossy mates swung silently If you're goin to talk to me, Mr. Bruce, upon the silver mirror of the pool in the you must cut some of those words, or it'll interfere with our getting ac-

She looked up at him in bewitching his right barrel, and he fell with a heavy perplexity. The level rays of the rising plump upon the farther bank, his red sun shone full in her eyes, and she drew legs straddling awkwardly as he came down her hat brim with an impatient

full of flying teal, rising with frightened Thus besought in reference to his clamor and whirring away to the left, mythological quotations, Bruce made Bruce let the other mallard go and gave haste to explain briefly to Cynthia the the teal his left barrel, thinking of Cyn- fable of Aurora and Tithonus. She listhis and her damaged bonnet. Three tened with amused surprise. When he dropped to his shot. He picked up his had finished with the lamentable old age game hurriedly, not without a little in- that overtook that unfortunate lady's ward exultation. There was one drake husband, she sighed and expressed her-

his head a banded flash of color, his wings per at last, ch? Thet was pleasant! Served her right, though, for wantin Bruce stood still a moment, regarding him to live forever. A girl oughtn't to admiringly the beauties of the dying get gone on any man to that extentbird. A light film was setting on the forever is an awful long trip! A grassflashing eye. He could not help thinking hopper. Mebbe thet's what father what an improvement he might make in means when he says mattermony has preserve the beauty of the plumage for glanced inquiringly up at Bruce. The her adornment. With masculine self latter laughed outright at this comconfidence he aspired for the moment to mentary. At once she turned her back on him and regarded the sunrise.

"So you think I look like thet, do oice,

He turned in surprise. Cynthia stood him with a sudden gratification of man
Ef things go on at this rate, they'll hey before him—a blushing Aurora, the roses ner and pointing with a rosy forefinger of the dayn in her dimpled cheeks, the to where the tints of dawn were being spring roundups. amber of the sunrise in her golden hair. rapidly lost in the splender of the com-

Bruce nodded.

She walked on a few minutes in siscrutiny of his face from under her drooping lashes. A pleased smile lin-

"How is it that you happen to be out

"Oh, I had to turn the bucks out," she replied. "I usually do. I started 'em The hat on her head was of straw and up the valley, and then I heard you supported a whole parterre of roses and shoot and thought I'd come out and see what you'd got."

No one would have dreamed from her manner that her motive was aught but curiosity. But there was the testimony of the elaborate toilet, and young men are perhaps more discerning than the stepping quickly forward, with a keen, enemy imagine. The homage of beauty Immediately after addressing Bruce is always flattering. Bruce was conshe glanced down at her feet with some scious of rising a trifle in his own estimation as they walked on together.

Alcides Dallas had arisen in their ab-

sence and sat upon the doorstone of the ranch awaiting them in a negligee so startling and characteristic as to impress the young ranchman that attention to details in matters of the toilet were certainly not a family trait. He was without coat and hat, and his stockinged feet showed that his rawhide boots were probably still performing the office of his pillow. His long, gray locks straggled over his face, and he was fiendishly occupied with his violin. His perform-

ance was of the usual dolorous character. "Is there any particular name for that tune?" inquired Bruce of Cynthia as the jarring discords seemed to insult the tranquil serenity of the early morning.

Cynthia turned her head a moment and listened attentively. She might have been a mocking bird, so characteristic was the action.

whether father calls that the 'Husband's Lament' or the 'Texan Honeymuch alike, and if ye remember that his tunes all have somethin to do with marryin you can't be very far wrong, no matter what you call 'em. I reckon mother didn't give him very much variety in her housekeepin, for it's had an awful monotonous effect on his music. Don't speak to him now, Mr. Bruce. He's allus easier in his mind if ye let him play a tune through. To stop him short n the middle is harrowin to his feelin's and gen'rally crops out arterwards. Come in right away and have break-

And without a word to her sire she piloted the amused Bruce past the absorbed violinist, leaving him still fidiling violently upon the doorstep. Aulus which looked uncommonly like a milk stopped at the door to lift his nose to the punch, interrupted his reflections. sky and utter a long drawn, agonizing howl of protest, with which canine com-

mentary upon the unmelodiousness of Hebe, handing the tumbler to the sheriff. the old man's music he, too, abandoned him and went within.

The day were away into the early afternoon. The northward shadows of the ive oaks were swinging gradually to the sast. It was just after dinner, and the wintry sunlight on the southern wall of the ranch beat softly down with a grateful and cheering warmth.

In the sunniest angle of the ranch Bruce and his white haired host were seated smoking. The old man, enjoying the aroma of one of the ranchman's cigars, which he mumbled at a very precarious angle between his scant teeth, was in an expectant frame of mind and anusually genial. Cynthia was seated beneath a live oak playing with a fawn.

"Do you reckon them folks o' your n'll be anyways anxious about ye?" old Dallas inquired, blowing out a cloud of smoke as if the chief luxury in smoking was expelling it forcibly.

"I hardly think so," Bruce replied, lazily tilting his chair against the side of ling after the ranchman as he sauntered the house, with his hands clasped behind away. his head. He had thrown his hat on the his cheeks and the luxuriance of his fellers or hev this marorderin stopped." square, curling beard. "My partner, square, curling beard. "My partner, Bruce did not reply. He was already Kernochan, understands me pretty well out of hearing. Ike Mosely glanced to any part of the city for all who attend the Western Normal. You can enter at any time and find by this time and knows I generally come out all right, so he won't give himself any uneasiness. There may be a little fuss when my horse turns up at the very incarnation of the sturdy live oaks WESTERN NORMAL COLLEGE, LINCOLN, NEB. ranch, though. I shouldn't be surprised among which he strode. if Phil rode over here tomorrow."

Waal, you're takin it pretty easy here, seein ez they hain't the least idea whar ye what we want to hev ye do, though," with agreeable manners and good ter-backer is all fired sca'ce in this coun-my best wishes. He's got sand." try," he continued, with the general air of paying a compliment.

He rose from his chair with an effort due to rheumatism and the uncompromising character of his knee joints and swept the horizon with an anxious eye.

"Durn my skin, of thar ain't the sheriff, after all!" he exclaimed as a small man, mounted on a sorrel horse, rode up to the gate at a fox trot, and throwing himfrom the pommel. His nimble fingers were quick at the task. He came toward swinging in their holsters and his spure from business. As I knew that he had clinking as he strode.

"Waal, Ike Mosely, ye've got over here fore, I said: at last, hev ye?" said Alcides, stumping forward eagerly to meet the newcomer. "I've been a-worryin about this killin o' my stock. I reckon ye'll beleeve me when I tell ye I'm right glad to see ye."

"Ain't long to stay nuther," returned the sheriff, grasping the proffered hand of old Dallas with a hurried shake and dropping it again immediately. "I never struck sech a rush o' bizness in the hull course of my natural life. Ez it is I've hed two hangin's already this week, to say nothin o' these rumors o' yours about hoss stealin and hog killin. And to ride over here I got word that the road agints have begun ag'in between Lampasas and Belton. Thet means all curiosity. Ef things go on at this rate, they'll hev like an ir Ike Mosely's hide by the time o' the

"But it's mighty dry talkin," he said abruptly, glancing at Dallas with a sig- ly shattered before I had been at home a nificant eye, "an I've come all the way from San Marcus to look into this yer lence, with gathered skirts and a coy bizness o' yourn. How did that liquor l recommended to ye turn out?"

"I reckon it's pretty near all turned out," replied Alcides ruefully, somewhat discomfited by the urgent business manner of the sheriff. "Ameelyer!" he called. bring out what's left in thet thar bottle, and a glass for Mr. Mosely. Ike, this is Mr. Bruce, of the Mesquite valley ranch, stopping with us for a spell," he concluded with a grave look, intended to cover all allusion to the ranchman's had traveled 300 feet in the direction of mishap, but calculated to impress the the grocery I would be called back to sheriff with the idea that Bruce was a highwayman in disguise.

penetrating glance from under his shaggy brows and a grip like a steel claw. Ah, Miss Cynthia! Or is it spring already, and are the bluebirds with us and my friend, whose feelings seemed to again?" he remarked with easy gallantry as his eyes fell upon Cynthia and her muslin dress.

He doffed his broad sombrero suddenhair. His hard, blue eyes were restless and cold, like chilled steel. He twitched

his huge mustaches nervously. "It'd be a pretty bold bluebird to shake hands like this with a sparrow hawk!" replied Cynthia with dimpled audacity, coming quickly forward and holding out a little hand. "Glad to see you, sir! How are all the birds down your waykites, road runners and other jail birds?"

"Ho, ho!" laughed the sheriff, "ye're after me this time, aren't ye? Guess ye must hev got up early this mornin?" "She did!" said old Dallas emphatical-

ly, glancing at Bruce-"earlier than I've seen her get up since the last norther. She was thet anxione about them bucks "I clean forget," she said finally, this mornin that she turned 'em out afore sun and run 'em more'n a mile up the creek in them new slippers I got her moon,' but it don't make much differ- for the 'Round-up Ball.' Strange goin's ence which. Father's playin is pretty on for a young gal, Mosely-strange goin's on!"

"Sho!" said the sheriff, laughing. Tain't every day they's a good lookin young feller 'round to get up for, is it, Miss Cynthia? If they were all old and grayheaded-like me and your old man -I couldn't blame ye, ef ye never got

He glanced around to note the effect of his words, but Cynthia had disappeared. At the first allusion to her early morning ramble, she had stampeded the fawn and scampered away in pursuit. Mosely turned and shot a glance at Bruce. He was smoking with easy nonchalance. But here the approach of the ebony Amelia, bearing a frothy mixture

"Heah am de boss bev'age arter hossback ridin, sah!" exclaimed the sable

"Dey ain't nothin wot goes quite so fur or strikes quite so neah de spot. It stim-'lates de functions an 'suscitates de system at de same time, sah! Besides," she added with a crafty wink, "I didn' wan' to scare yo' nohow wid de state ob dat bottle arter de eggnog dis'pation ob de las' ebenin!"

"Let you alone, Amelia, for takin care of me!" returned Mosely, draining the mixture with a grateful smack. "Thet puts a heart in a man d'rectly. Now, Al, what's all this about hogs and hosses? he inquired, sitting down on an adjacent nail keg, with a careless hand upon the butt of a 6-shooter and his head one side in the attitude of listening.

"Thanks! That's my size every time!" he remarked as Bruce rose to his feet, offering him a cigar as he did so.

He bit the end off meditatively. "Ye needn't go off mad. There ain't anythin private about this yere bizness -is there, Al?" the sheriff inquired, gaz-

"Not much! The more public ye make ground, and the whiteness of his fore- it, the better I'll fike it," returned the head contrasted with the bronzed hue of elder Dallas. "I want ye to shoot them

critically at his broad shoulders and well proportioned limbs. In the repose of his youthful strength he seemed the

"A likely young feller," said Mr. Mosely, smoking violently and chewing the end of his cigar nervously. "Somebe," returned Alcides frankly. "But thet's how I rather like his style. In a row 1 reckon you could count on him. Al, if he added after a pause, fearing his mean- you're lookin for a son-in-law thet'd do ing might be misconstrued. "Visitors you and Cynthia both credit, you'll do

And with this official summary of a husband's requisites he addressed himself to the business before him. [CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

FOR NEEDED REST.

Why This Man Did Not Retire From Busi-

[Special Correspondence.]

self from the saddle proceeded to tether day I thought I would take a trip out to DENVILLE, N. J., June 8.—The other the animal by the lariat which hung Mendham to enjoy a change of air. And when I got into the stage at Morristown them with a rapid step, his revolvers friend who appeared to be returning I was quite astonished to meet an old retired from active life some years be-

"You have not returned to business life, have you?"

"That is just what I have done," he replied, "and I intend to stick to business as long as I live."

"I thought," I continued in my surprise, "that you used to dislike commercial life, and that before your retirement you longed for the time that would see you at liberty to go fishing or shooting all day.

"That is precisely the way I felt." renow jes' ez I was jumpin in the saddle In fact, I couldn't find the time to enjoy myself at all."

"How was that?" I asked with some Here my friend held his hands aloft

plication and drew a deep sigh, after which he continued: "Alas, the dream of my life was rude-

month. Do you know that I could not enjoy a moment in peace? Whenever I stretched out in the hammock to smoke a cigar or read a book my wife would call me to do something-to drive a pic- III8 TO II22 N STREET. ture nail in the wall, or carry a trunk up stairs, or run to the store for a pound of starch, or something of that sort. And finally they had so many things for me to do that before I could finish one they would direct me to another. I have frequently stopped making a fire to go to the village for a yeast cake, and before I go down into the cellar to bring up a "Yer hand, Mr. Bruce," said Mosely, before I had the first slice cut some one would call me up stairs to help roll up a rug to be thrown out of the window for

> I expressed my sympathy and surprise. be thoroughly aroused, clinched his hands around his umbrella and said with great feeling:

"At that period of my life when I was ly, exposing his high forehead and scant absent at business all day I was never asked to do anything, but when my time became my own it all belonged to some one else. There was never a moment that there wasn't something for me to do. If the man employed to cut the grass disappointed us, I had to step out and do it myself, and before I got it done I would be called off to help put down a carpet. I have been called away from the lawn while cutting the grass so frequently that I could never guess how many times it happened until I counted the different lengths of the grass, which tirement from business that I had to return to active life in order to get rest and recreation.'

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Little Boy-Papa, may I study elecution? Proud Papa-Indeed you may, my boy, if you wish. You desire to become a great orator, don't you? "Yes, that's it."

"And some day perhaps have your voice ringing through the halls of congress?"
"I shouldn's care for that. I want to be an after dinner speaker."

"Ah, you are ambitious for social distinction, then?"
"No. I want the dinners."—Good News,

A Cruel Suggestion.

"But you do not love me, mademoiselle, you will never love me! There is nothing left for me to do but to go and put an end to my existence." "In what way, if you please?"

"By blowing out my brains," "Then you might oblige me by purchasing your revolver at Durand's. and I are engaged, and I should only be too glad to have an opportunity of putting something in his way."—Domino Rose.

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